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From the Casket and Philadelphia Monthly Magazine.

Poesy.

BY [illegible] STOCKTON, ESQ.

IMMORTAL POESY, when from above,
To earth thou cam'st the messenger of love,
And erst in Eden dwelt, of thee I 'll sing
O let the muses to my spirit bring,—
The grace, the power, the fire of rapturous song,
And else, what to thy favored ones belong
This boon I crave, nor shall I be denied
For I, in vain, have not on thee relied.

The shadows flee, before thy presence bright,
And lo! thy form I see, inspiring sight
In thee, the beauty of the graces blend,
And all their art, the gentle muses lend,
Fairer than sunbeams, in an azure sky,
Thy locks of amber, and cerulean eye
In vain, the rose and lily, blend their grace,
Far sweeter charms, adorn thy lovely face.
Rubies and pearls, no semblance can display
Of smiles, that gild the sweetest flowers of May
Thou sit'st upon thy lofty throne of state,
Whilst all around, thy thronging minstrels wait,
Eager to catch from thine inspiring eye,
Thoughts deep as hell, or towering as the sky.

A cloud thy chariot, whose prismatic hues
Show as it moves along, unnumber'd views,
Now, like a rainbow, fringed with golden air,
Now, like a cloud, amid a sunset glare;
Borrows anon the clear celestial blue,
And fairy flowers, refreshed with sparkling dew,
Seems now, a flood of pure empyrean blaze,
As o'er you mount, descends the light of days
A halo spreads its glad'ning beams around,
And sounds eolian make the bliss profound.

While thus I gazed, transported with delight,
Her form angelic, seemed arrayed in light,
Then with a look, majestic and serene—
More beauteous far, than Egypt's favorite queen,
She thus, her humble suppliant addressed—

"My son, would'st thou be numbered with the blest?
And hold a station on the lofty mount
'Mid gushing streams from the Pierian fount?
I have a day appointed to decide
Who shall my favors have, who be denied
When o'er the eastern hills, the god of day
Peeps smiling, on young, merry, blushing May
Come thou, with all the votaries of song,
And view Parnassus, with its mighty throng."

Thus spoke the goddess, and with mystic grace
Far, far off vanished, with a smiling face.

The gladsome day, impatient for its birth,
Forsook the nether side of mother earth
Apollo, oped the curtains of the night,
And Phœbus hail'd young Flora with delight.

From blooming valleys, chrystal lakes, and rills
From forests deep, from woodlands, lawns, and hills
From cultivated fields and gardens rare,
Where Horticulture gives her constant care,
From the wide waste, and from the crowded hall
Came sanguine minstrels to their rise or fall
Assembled all, with eager eye they gaze,
Transported with the thought of certain praise.

A glowing light from distance now drew nigh,
Which spread its beams immortal through the sky,
And as it neared, its rays a circle threw
Around the Goddess, which still brighter grew,
With a continuous change of richer hue.

The balmy air her gentle footsteps prest,
As she advanced toward her happy guest,
Beauty sat throned upon her peerless face,
And all her form was loveliness and grace.
Beside the circle, on a snow white cloud
She stood, and thus addressed the admiring crowd:

"Draw nigh, and through this circle bright and clear,
The glory of all ages shall appear."

She smiled, and touched the circle with her wand
And lo! they see the mighty mountain stand,
Broad as the earth, and towering to the skies,
From its large base, hills upon hills arise,
Seas, lakes, and rivers, round it ever flow,
And round its summit trees immortal grow.

Behold Parnassus, whose unmeasured sides
Touch earth and heaven, there genius resides
Your vision strengthened, view and hear its own lyres
The mighty masters of Promethean fires
See MILTON, seated on the loftiest height,
His purpose only could command the flight,
In sweet repose, where mortals never trod,
As with his fellow he conversed with God
From that grand point he viewed the heavenly world
When Lucifer, with all his host was hurl'd
Like blazing meteors to the dread abyss,
From the high seats of everlasting bliss
Saw them confined by adamantine chains
To rocks sulphureous, while tempestuous rains
Of brimstone, snares and fire, a horrid flood
Pour'd from the ire of the avenging God
Saw on the right of the eternal throne,
The mighty conqueror,—God's anointed one,
His sword omnipotent upon his thigh,
In time of battle made hell's legions fly,
And with his thunder drove them from the sky
By lightnings scathed, they took their downward flight
To nameless horrors, and infernal night.
There gave they vent to pangs of deep despair
Which none but spirits curs'd of God, could bear
In flaming sockets roll'd their meteor eyes,
While horrid goblins mock'd their doleful cries
Hell fire they breathe through ever during lungs,
And like to burning brass their fiery tongues,
A stream of glowing sulphur fill'd their veins
And black despair sat brooding on their pains.
Their dismal wailings shook the gloom profound,
And hell affrighted, echoed back the sound
Then heaven's eternal throne maintained its right
And mercy took her everlasting flight.

Along the topmost range extend your sight,
Where cloud meets cloud, as black as Egypt's night
See where opposing tempests tear the hills,
And dire confusion all the heaven fills
Fierce thunderbolts, their savage fury pour,
And lightnings bound amid the dreadful roar.
Where earthquakes rend those adamantine rocks,
And the eternal hills scarce stand the shocks
Where wave on wave, old ocean leaps in dread,
Until her depths disclose each coral bed—
Where whitened bones of those who fought in gore,
Lie all exposed as shells upon the shore,
There HOMER dwells, the soul of high born thought
And glories in the battles he has fought.

Where forests grow in nature's pure array,
And seas of glory dash their foaming spray,
Where streamlets wander through sequestered shades
And amble through the violet scented glades,
Where Philomel, enchantress of the grove,
In plaintive accents, pours the song of love
Where birds and beasts their pristine pleasures prove,
And all is beauty, innocence and love,
Where all combine, to show perfection such
And not a line too little, or too much,
There dwells the bard whom Nature owns her son,
And smiled when SHAKSPEARE all his work had done.

Along the vista of those heavenly lights
Which gloom dispel, from the domains of night,
Where silence reigns and subjects inward thought,
And gives the man to feel he 's less than naught,
But suddenly inspired, his inmost soul
Bursts from its bonds, nor bears the least control,
Flies through those regions of unsullied light
Till heav'ns eternal throne commands its flight
There he beholds the calling high of man
And in redemption reads the astounding plan
By which, from death, by death, poor mortals rise
To an immortal state, beyond the skies
There YOUNG reposes, who oft swept the lyre,
To notes so high, that few have risen higher.

Not far below the height of Grecian fame
Where altars glow with Hymen's sacred flame
Where spacious halls of Gothic order stand,
And art and nature beautify the land
Where sparkling wines the nuptial songs inspire,
Now wakes the harp, and now the tuneful lyre
The well spread board with choicest viands crown'd
And youth and beauty smile on all around
Where husbandmen the richest treasures hoard
From well till'd fields, and gardens amply stored
And vineyards such as Bacchus has adored
From flocks and herds, and from the gentle kine,
Herbs, fruits, and meats, with milk and cheering wine:
From well stored cells the golden treasure brings
Tho' guarded by ten thousand poisoned stings
Borne by the force of swift revengeful wings
Where through the wide and varied pleasure grounds
Flies the swift stag, and speed the eager hounds,
The foaming steeds, with riders full of grace,
Dart for the prey and glory in the chase
There stand the well trained oxen, newly broke,
And there the mettled bull, who scorns the yoke,
The former grazing 'neath the elm's wide shade,
The latter browsing in the leafy glade
The shepherd to his fair, attunes the reed
While flocks and herds in social order feed
Bleat, bellow, snort, and try their wonted speed
Where storms and tempests rarely spend their force
Unless proceeding from a higher source
There VIRGIL stands replete with finished grace,
And sways a sceptre o'er the Latin race
In that abode where craggy mounts arise,
And blend their peaks with the eternal skies,
While far beneath the living lightnings play,
And "thunders leap," and sing their mountain lay;
Where SWAIN and LASS, in caves and mountain delves,
Regard each other more than they themselves;
There BYRON, who but for his weakness, might
Have stood among the tallest sons of light."

Thus much the goddess, when with look benign,
Her wand she waved, and lo! the sacred nine
Appeared descending from the mountain height,
With flowing robes, on clouds of purest white,
With laurel wreaths, those favor'd ones to grace,
Who on the mount deserved some signal place.

High thron'd Apollo, shining whence they came,
Spread all abroad, his richest, brightest flame
The clouds appear'd, as seas of liquid gold,
With brilliant shores of pure ethereal mould
Zephyrus flew, with undulating force,
And sped them gloriously adown their course
The Graces next their beauteous forms reveal'd,
And naught of beauty, unadorned, conceal'd—
Around the goddess they assemble all,
Glad to be summon'd by her potent call.

A conference now began, which ended soon,
As great Apollo cross'd the line of noon
While gazing thus, with expectation high,
We saw the goddess with her fair ones fly,
And mount the regions of the upper sky
Waved she her wand, and lo! the mountains bright,
Vanish'd like meteors from our ravish'd sight,
Terrific thunders, and dread lightning's gleam,—
My slumbers broke, and lo! it was a dream!

From Tait's Edinburg Magazine.

PEDESTRIAN TOUR OF A SCOTTISH EMIGRANT,

IN THE MIDDLE STATES OF AMERICA.

[Continuation.]

Having resumed the use of my feet, I next crossed the Monocacy river, by a rather curious kind of bridge—being a great deal higher at one end than the other, so as to make it down hill all the way across. It is of three arches, and built of stone, with a most miserable attempt at paving on the top, quite unlike the fine road leading from Baltimore to Fredericktown. I never saw such a bridge before; and, I believe, the contractors have been of the same mind, as at one end they have erected an obelisk, with the year of erection, and some names or inscriptions, which I could not make out, as commemorative of the event.

Fredericktown is a tolerably large place, with considerable business, and situated in a fine country. At the end of one of the streets, I observed a triumphal arch erected in honor of the visits of Lafayette. It consisted of boards painted and larded all over with "All hail!" and such like stuff—not befitting the simplicity and honest downright welcome of Republicans. Lafayette, no doubt, was endeared to the Americans by many sacrifices made, and many services yielded, in what they call the holy cause of freedom; and for such, certainly he deserved a large portion of their gratitude and love; but I think they might have left out, in their hearty welcome to their old and tried friend, such childish and theatrical displays, at which the slaves of the most despotic government of Europe would laugh.

Somewhere along the road, between Baltimore and Fredericktown, is Carrolton, the estate of the late Charles Carrol, a stanch Republican and patriot, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was an Irishman by birth, I believe. When I passed along the road, I did not know any thing about Charles Carrol, and almost as little about the Declaration, or else I would have called upon the old gentleman—at least I would have taken a good look at the premises. About half a mile beyond Fredericktown, I came up with a young man who was going to within a short distance of Troptown—my destination. He had had the ague, which had taken him into town by way of amusement; and, like the most of patients who have that shaky complaint, to him it was an interesting topic of conversation, and with much reason too, for, as he was one of those shapeless striplings who are troubled with what is called an overgrowth—all legs and no body—a mathematical line—length without breadth—who outgrow all their coats and breeches as fast as the tailor can make them. It would not take a great many shakes to lay his length below ground. He had travelled, too, as far as Harper's Ferry, and, knowing I was going there, he tried to astonish me by a narration of the stupendous sight I should see there. I have now been in Harper's Ferry, and although it is a wonderful place, both in the way of nature and art, yet it does not come up to my tall companion's description—excusable, however, in a lad who had never seen a larger place than Fredericktown, and who, no doubt, like a good many people, wished to make every thing as tall as himself.

Between Fredericktown and Troptown, I, for the first time, saw a tobacco field. To those who have never seen tobacco growing, I may observe, it resembles very much the dock, if it be not actually one, and is planted out in rows like cabbage, about four feet apart each way, and must be kept very clean. When nearly ripe, large blubberly worms attack it, which must be carefully destroyed, or else they would soon leave little for the snuffers, chewers and smokers. When come to maturity, the whole plant is cut, split up the middle, and hung over something to dry, when it is ready for the manufacturer. It requires a rich soil, and soon impoverishes the ground.

I arrived in the evening at Troptown, or Newton-Trop, as it is sometimes called. It consists of but one long street, and is situated at no great distance from the Blue Ridge. About a mile before arriving at Fredericktown, I had a fine view of the mountains; and, by whatever reason they have attained the appellation of Blue Ridge, to me they certainly appeared to have a bluish cast. The people about Fredericktown call them the Concoctin Mountains. The morning after my arrival, I called at Mr. G.'s, who happened to be over in Virginia on some business. His lady gave me a kind invitation to stay with them until his return; and as the nephew, my old travelling companion, was expected every day, I accepted the invitation in preference to going back to the inn. I stayed with them eight days, when, neither uncle nor nephew making their appearance, I began to be afraid of encroaching upon their hospitality, and in spite of kind remonstrances from Madame G. and the rest of the family, I made preparations for decamping.

Ten miles walk or so beyond Troptown, brought me to the Potomac—a noble river, but with a very rocky channel. I was now about a mile from its passage through the Blue Ridge, through which also my road lay. In proceeding upward at a slight turn in the road I perceived a pig or two loitering lazily along. I was not much astonished at that, as it was not the first time I had seen such animals; but, after a short space, another one made its appearance, and another and another, till I began to have some apprehensions about venturing in among so many. I approached as boldly as I could, however, but not without fear; not indeed that they would willingly hurt me, but, as it had been raining for two days past, and as the sun had again broke forth fresh and hot, the pigs being on an expedition from the west to the Baltimore shambles, were determined to be in no great hurry to get their throats cut, but to take as much of the cream of life as they could get in passing along, and were every now and then wallowing in the puddles, and anon starting up suddenly like deaf people who hear something unexpectedly. Pigs, too, have an ugly habit of starting to the wrong side, and going every way but the right one. I had, of course, good reason to be afraid of being knocked over and pigified in the mud. I dashed gallantly in upon the advanced guard, which, after a threatening display of snouts in the air, broke, and spurted aside in all directions like the fragments of a bombshell. I afterward, for the space of half a mile, fought my way manfully through the main body of the army, and, without other damage than some sprinklings of mud, came out at the rear, which, by the by, seemed as much astonished to see me as the van.

On turning a point of rocks, the celebrated pass of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge was full in view. I had been more than once told that it was worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see it. It may be so; but, if true, there must be very little sublime scenery on the other side of the Big Water; and, if I mistake not, the voyager has a great chance of witnessing much sublimer, and more awful scenery, long before he reaches the Blue Ridge. It is assuredly a very grand scene; but, I must confess I was greatly disappointed in it; and all those who have witnessed the windings of this same Potomac and some of its smaller branches, through the mountainous region of Hardy and Hampshire counties, and Virginia, have been disappointed also. After witnessing the savage and fearful scenes farther up among the Alleghanies, to them the passage of the Potomac is nothing; strangers cannot conceive how there should be so much talk about it. The scene, as I have already said, is very grand; but, to me it appears to lose a good part of its effect upon the mind, by being upon too large a scale. The river is by far too wide, and of course, the cut ends of the mountain too far apart. If Nature, in some of her freaks, would just hitch the ends three-fourths of the way nearer one another, perpendicularise them a little more, and scatter a few huge rocks into the channel, so as to interrupt the passage of the water, I think it would improve the scene mightily. But, as to accomplish this would require an earthquake, or bouleversement, as the French call it, I don't think the good folks of Harper's Ferry and the adjacent country would thank Nature for it, nor me for giving the advice; so we must let things stand as they are.

Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia, in the opinion of some compilers of school-books, has given a very sublime description of the above scenery, but, in my humble opinion a very bombastical and nonsensical one. I don't recollect his words, but he talks of the Potomac on the one side, and the Shenandoah on the other, coming ranging up, and, in the moment of their junction, bursting through the mountain, and, of course, like the Irishman's race-horse, driving all before them. What way rivers may have run before the breaking of these two through the Blue Ridge, I know not; but since that period, their usual method of proceeding has been to range downward. Moreover, when did the Potomac and Shenandoah begin their course? Did they reach the same spot in the Ridge precisely at the same moment? Where are the wrecks of the mountain? It seems to me, that instead of breaking violently through, these rivers have, good-naturedly and quietly, lifted the piece out, and placed it out of their way, where Harper's Ferry now stands; for, if you could suppose the tongue of land upon which that town is situated, placed upon wheels, and wheeled into the gap, it would fill it up neatly. True, it is not so high as the Blue Ridge, by a great deal; but the diminution of height, however, can be very easily, at least very philosophically accounted for.

The point of rocks a little way below the pass, is the place from whence you see the scene to most advantage. Looking up the river, on the left side, you have the Virginia end of the Blue Ridge shelving easily upward, and covered with trees from top to bottom. On the right side, and nearly straight before you, you have the Maryland end, also covered with trees mixed with precipitous rocks. In the background is Harper's Ferry, which forcibly reminded me of Stirling. True enough, it is not swinging up in the air as high as that town, but still there is a resemblance. The Shenandoah comes down on the left of the town, as the Potomac does on the right. I was informed that, on the end of the mountain, on the Maryland side, an exact likeness of Washington was to be seen, formed by Nature, on the rocks. In getting into the pass I looked narrowly for the portrait, but in vain. I could see no such resemblance; but, as these things require to be viewed from a particular position, perhaps I had not got the right place. There was a house at the Ferry, immediately below the rocks; and how I did not ask the people I know not; but I have since spoken of the circumstance to some Virginians, who told me they had also looked for it in vain. In all probability it requires a little flight of the imagination to make it out. I don't deny the *fact*, however. Nature can work wonders. We all know she is a first-rate landscape painter, (paintress,) and I see no reason why she may not sometimes try her hand at portraits. The newspapers, indeed, have but the other day informed us, that, on one of the portico pillars of a new public building in Columbus, Ohio—I think that's the place—Nature has thrown the veins in the stone into a full length portrait and striking resemblance of—I was going to say the immortal—Jackson, but he's mortal yet, and long may the old hero continue so!

I crossed the Potomac in a long kind of flat boat, pushed forward by means of long poles. In company we had a four-horse wagon. The number of these wagons, conveying merchandise from the eastern cities to the western country, is prodigious; but since the introduction of canals and railroads, their number must have considerably decreased. It is astonishing with what tact the wagoners manage their beautiful teams of four, sometimes six horses. They ride postillion on the near wheel horse, and, with a particular kind of pull at their long single rein, make the horses go to one side, while, with another kind of pull, which the animals understand well, they go to the opposite. Those wagoners, who are very proud of their teams, have them gaily caparisoned, and decked out with a multitude of little bells, which make not an unpleasant music as they travel along.

Harper's Ferry is but a small place, and the greater part of the town is made up of workshops for the manufacture of fire-arms for the United States. Every thing here is kept in good order, and every man about the works has got his own particular piece of the gun to make. I saw here two curious machines: one for rough-turning the gun-stocks, and another for making screws. The ease and despatch with which these machines do their duty, is admirable. Both are American inventions, I believe. The Americans brown all their barrels; and, when finished, they are laid up in boxes, and not placed to view, in various fanciful figures, as I have seen in our arsenals. The Rifle Factory is about half-a-mile up the Shenandoah.

Upon crossing the Potomac, I entered into that division of Virginia called, by way of *eminence*, the Valley, embracing the tracts of country between the Blue Ridge and Alleghanies; which, taken as a whole, is looked upon as the most fertile portion of the country, and one of the finest in the United States. Lower Virginia lies to the east of the Blue Ridge, the inhabitants of which are called Tuckahoes by the mountaineers. Although the population of Lower Virginia may be looked upon as the real Virginians, the greatest slaveholders, and owners of the largest plantations, yet I never heard the above term applied to them, except as expressive of contempt or inferiority. I never could learn the derivation of the term, nor what it meant; but certainly it meant nothing good, as it was generally coupled with ruffled shirts and poverty. The people among the mountains, however, may be regarded as foreigners, at least as not possessing the pure Virginian blood; and, like all foreigners, they perhaps think themselves something better than the natives; or perhaps, like all mountaineers, they despise their lowland countrymen merely because they are lowlanders. Western Virginia lies among, and east of, the Alleghanies.

In the Valley, the only towns I passed through, after leaving Harper's Ferry, were Charlestown and Winchester. The former is only one long street. It has, however, a well conducted newspaper. In its neighborhood is the seat of Judge Washington, the only thing like a gentleman's house I had as yet seen in the country. I remarked, too, a striking peculiarity in the appearance of some of the fields. They were all dotted over with large stones, or rather rocks, and from these, clumps of trees grew, seemingly preferring the spots where there was nothing like nourishment, to the level and fertile soil around them. I have frequently witnessed this partiality since, among the Alleghannies, especially as regards the oaks; some of which I have actually seen growing through a bed of solid rock, and others springing from cliffs where they could not possibly be nourished by any thing except rain and the dews of heaven.

Winchester is a handsome country town, with neat streets, an elegant church or two, a bank, an academy, and two newspapers. It also possesses some trade, principally in flour, I believe, there being excellent sites for mills in the vicinity.

About four miles beyond Winchester, I put up at a paltry inn, or house of entertainment, as the Virginians call it; the title of inn-keeper being a little too low for the high-minded Virginians. But whatever they may choose to call their inns, they are—I speak of the bulk of those among the mountains—any thing but houses of entertainment; the house itself being generally as dull as an empty church, and not much to be got but peach and apple brandy, strong enough to split your head in two. I met at the door a tall, comely woman; and I asked her how far it might be to the next inn, as I would like to go a little farther yet before sun-down. Indian-like, she answered with an "ugh," and a withering expression of scorn—a trait which added peculiar beauty to her already fine features. After all, I don't know if she was wrong; for, although not intended, my question could scarcely be taken any way but as a kind of insult. I might as well have gone to the doctor and asked him where he thought I could find a good doctor. As there was no answer to be got from her, I thought I might as well stay, in preference to going farther, and, maybe, faring worse. But, indeed, worse it could not well be, as I went to bed supperless, and, in the morning, started breakfastless. My purse was now getting fearfully deficient; having in it, after paying for my bed, only one elevenpenny bit. This I reserved to pay for breakfast and dinner, and my last night's supper to the bargain, intending to knock the whole three into one grand finale, and then trust to Providence for all the other meals that might be yet to come.

Immediately on leaving the inn, I began to ascend the first ridge of the Alleghannies—being first-rate exercise for an empty stomach. I had now left the level country behind me, and was about to enter upon one wild and savage in the highest degree, and to which there was no end, until I reached the Ohio. As may well be guessed too, the roads, except some short pieces, here and there, changed materially for the worse. One peculiarity attending the Alleghannies is, their running in regular ridges, with intervening valleys, cut in all directions by lesser ranges, or spurs, as they are called. Among them, the traveller is much the same as if he were crossing the Atlantic, up one large wave, and down another; or rather, as if we were going from one side of London to the other, not by carefully threading his way through the streets, but by climbing over the house tops at the nearest. I got along, however, pretty well, although my road, at times, was somewhat steep, and the dwellings few and far between; the novelty of the scenery, and the anticipation of always something new a-head, carried me along in good spirits, notwithstanding the emptiness of my purse and stomach.

People may talk of poverty as they choose—of its pinching, grinding nature, and so forth; but I, who have been used to it for half my lifetime, can tell a different story. I have always found, that the poorer I got, the happier I became; and the less of this world I had to care for, the lighter was my heart: in fact, among the Alleghannies I got quite sublimated; and, although it may well be supposed that the pure mountain air helped a good deal, yet I cannot help thinking that the lightness of my pockets helped much more. My spirits began to boil over like a tumbler of soda water; and I tripped up one side of the hill, and trotted down the other, just as if I had left all my cares down below in the low country. And true enough too, for although I had got into a high and mountainous country, I had also got to the bottom of Fortune's wheel; which, if it moved at all, must move for my good. I feared no laws, and broke none, nor had I the intention of breaking any. I cared not for robbers, because I had nothing to be robbed of. I had no trouble, as I had left my trunk, and all my worldly effects, far behind me, never to be seen more. And, besides all these good items in my favor, let me add, I had an unshaken trust in the goodness of Providence, which, according to my creed, never sent a being—brute or human—into this world, without sending food and clothing along with it; and tell me if I was not an independent man, though poor.

But poor and rich are subject to the laws of Nature; and my stomach, which happened to be tolerably fierce in the morning, when I started, by mid-day became quite outrageous, and I began seriously to think of a place wherein to spend my elevenpenny bit. Nor had I long to think; a poor hut soon presented itself on the way-side. This will do, thought I; my small sum will be here welcome. I entered. An old woman was sitting alone by the fire. I bade her "good day," and asked if she could give me something to eat. I told her the sickly state of my purse, and that she must govern herself accordingly. She said nothing, but put down immediately some bread and a bowl of milk, upon which I made a hearty meal, took a smoke, and departed. In going along the road, I searched all my pockets, turning them inside out, in case any stray piece of money should have escaped observation; but, no; the total proceeds of my search, and, of course, the whole of my worldly stock, amounted to one cent—a cent I was determined to part with on no consideration. I believe I have it yet.

Until near sun-down I travelled, never having seen but one house since I left the old woman's, where I got a most noble drink of cider. I at length came to a creek; and, on the opposite bank, a splendid brick mansion displayed itself—a welcome sight, as it gave me hopes of getting a warm bed for another night yet. I off with my shoes and stockings, waded through the creek, and approached the front door; but, from what I saw, the house appeared to be new and unfinished; and there being no signs of inhabitants, I passed on. If I had but gone to the wing which extended back from the main building, I would have found everything I wanted, as the family was Scotch, and very hospitable. I afterward got acquainted with them; but, when I first passed the house, besides the apparent want of inhabitants, it had too grand an appearance for a poor man to make familiar with; and, in fact, I was glad of an excuse to pass on, as the state of my pockets made me somewhat cowardly in asking for lodgings. Some hundred yards further brought me to a house of meaner appearance; but here also my heart gave way, and I went on. Another house of still meaner look came next; it was too poor, and I continued my journey. The sun was now set, and the shades of evening gradually succeeded. I had also got to the bottom of the hill, upon which, for the last mile, I had been travelling, and which was partly cleared; but my road now seemed to dip deep into the forest, which lay thick and dark before me. At a hundred yards on my left, the mountain, densely covered with the pitch pine, rose dreary and melancholy; while, on my right, its counterpart sprang steep and frowning in the evening air. I was evidently entering a defile, and where it was to end I knew not. I made a dead halt, looked back upon the hill I had just descended, and then forward into the gloom, as if uncertain whether to proceed or turn back. I determined upon the former; and if things did not turn out to my mind, I could retrace my steps to the houses I had already passed. I went on; and, contrary to expectation, twilight soon made its appearance again, through among the trees; and, by and by, a beautiful little valley lay before me, in the far corner of which stood a mill. My spirits began to cheer up, and my mind to be soothed; for the little valley was so beautiful, and everything was so still and quiet—not a sound was heard, not movement, save the bat flitting hither and thither in his leathery flutterings. I stood for some minutes to view the quiet scene, and thought of Rasselas and Abyssinia. About a quarter of a mile before me was a high and steep ridge, thickly covered with trees, barring all egress in that direction, and making me doubt how my road was to get out of the valley; but, in proceeding forward, the road commenced winding round the hill on my right, which ended in an abrupt precipice crowned with pines. Immediately beneath the rock, and evidently built from its fallen fragments, stood a handsome, new, two-story house, with its front to the high ridge which bounded the farther side of the valley. It was a welcome sight to me, especially as a fire blazed cheerily from an open door in the back wing. I entered; there was nobody within but a boy, whom I asked if I might rest a little; and so sat down without further ceremony.

"To whom does this house belong?" I inquired; but the boy spoke so low I could not hear him, nor did it matter. I out with my pipe, and smoked away like desperation, as if it were to be my last. While enjoying myself to perfection, a tall, thin, swarthy man, looking exactly as if he had been brought up on speldings and red herrings, made his appearance at the door. He did not come in; but, leaning against the door cheek, he seemed to scan me pretty closely. After a good look—

"May I ask," says he, "where you come from?"

"O yes," says I; "I come from Scotland."

"From Scotland!—and where are you going?"

"To Wheeling."

"To Wheeling! Have you got your supper?"

"No!"

"Well, you better come this way and take some."

"I thank you, sir," says I; "I'll just take my smoke, and then I'll take the road again."

"I think," says he, "you'd better take some supper before you go to Wheeling; any how, at least, you'll be none the worst for it."

I did not like to stand out any longer, in case he might take me at my word—a thing the farthest from my mind and stomach possible; so followed him into another apartment, where was a well-spread table, at which I was kindly invited to take a place. While supper was discussing, arrangements were entered into between us that I should act schoolmaster during the winter; and, if I chose it, I could start for Wheeling in the spring. As the people appeared to be good, my pockets in bad condition, and good winter quarters not to be despised, I looked upon the bargain as a very providential one; and so, reader, having finished the labors of the day by a hearty supper, and the anticipation of a sound night's rest, we shall also put an end to this long chapter.

(To be continued.)

Hymn to the Night.

BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

The Value of Portraits.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

There is something delightful in the intercourse which we have with another's likeness. It is himself, only once removed; he is visible, not tangible, we have his moiety. In a picture of history, there is often, indeed, more to admire than in the face of one individual man or woman. There is more room for the skill of the artist; it is better adapted to exemplify a moral. But the *sentiment* that chains us to the other is wanting; we are not *familiar* with it; one is a brave matter—a splendid *thing*; the other is a *person*, and becomes our friend. * * * It is thus that affection and kind feeling are perpetuated. It is thus that the form and features of the child are made known to its pining parents afar off. It is thus that the faces which we loved to look upon are redeemed from the grave, and sent to us across deserts and woods and mountains, or over a thousand leagues of water. This is the greatest boast of art, as well as its most delightful victory. It annihilates space, if not time, and makes the absent happy.

ALTERING THE MODE.—Judge Rowlin of St. Louis, lately pronounced sentence upon a son of the green isle of the ocean, in the usual form, apprising Pat that he would have to stay two years in prison and "until all the costs and expences of the prosecution were discharged."—"And what did yer honor say about costs and expenses?" The Judge repeated the sentence; when Pat exclaimed—"And now, yer honor, can't ye be so good as just make it *three* years and knock off the "costs and expenses.""

From the Casket and Philadelphia Monthly Magazine.

Dreaming Hours.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

[illegible]

For the Saturday Evening Post.

ALICE HOWARD,

OR

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY JOHN S. DU SOLLE.

[illegible]

I am sure, Louisa." She had mistaken her own powers, for the poor girl, on the world's fresh theatre of hope, found that she could have borne her very blood, with courage of grief.

"Oh, Alice, Alice," sobbed the agonized lover, her beauty, gentleness, and kindness pushing at his open heart with the force of strong, in one moment, and yet to die!

Tell me, for God's sake, that I am cursed—that I am demoniac—that I am any thing that is inimical to such a horrible truth! Oh, Alice, how have I loved, you enjoined you—and now—to be forsaken: left without a broken friend, and destroyed with the thought in maddening! it must not—it must not be indeed!"

"Henry," she replied, and her face though pale as Parian marble, came down its mental expression of aid, but solemn severity, "if you love me, speak not thus. Accuse not the judgment of that Being, who, if he afflicts be here, afflicts but unnecessarily. It were better that I should leave you now, than when years of close and constant communion had so interwoven our natures, that death alone could sever us, must have risen both from existence."

He looked reproachfully at her, as if disposed to chide her for her calm view of things, as she directed him; for begging him to reach a small book from a toilet near her, she opened it, and going upon a part that had apparently been much wrinkled with, until withered up almost to unsightly crispness—" do you remember it " she inquired, wiping away a tear that had gathered under her eye, unbidden, by her cheek. " You gave it me when our wedding-day was fixed. See! I have bended it up to gaze upon in your absence, till sentence deeply, half by, has almost robbed me of my treasure. I monitored it daily with my tears, but still it would fade and fade, and though it was less shocking hourly and more likely, it, I too was fading slowly away, and that when you called for me, I should crumble, like these crumbling leaves, into grass, and leave nothing but a mere remembrance behind?"

While she spoke, her heart was the prize of contentment and despair, drinking in the soft tones of the consoling girl, which,

" Even from the very sepulcher of hope,
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per did her more, as if pausing to collect her thoughts, she leaned her head pensively upon her hand, attempt to mar the silence of the moment.

"Perhaps it is well," she continued, "that I am bidden to die so young. When I had grown old and withered, like those poor remnants of beauty which I have just compared upon the ground, what you have loved me then, Henry, as you do now?"

Poor Henry, he protested with all the vehemence of truth, that his love was interminable and indestructible; and now, that his tongue was loosed, he proceeded with a fluency and energy, of which until that occasion he had never deemed himself capable.

It were idle to lengthen a description of this affecting interview; let it suffice to say that Henry was borne from it, in a state little short of insanity, and that without an hour after, Alice was no more. Such is life!

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To love, and love so fleetingly: when they
May all be snatched from their summer flowers:
Where a few lingering hours,
Are, a few moments, of our brief career.
May find us cleft of all we treasured here:

Who hath not found loss one
Our whom his heart hath yearned with trembling care?
Whom smile, whose look, whose every slightest tone
Seemed next much fondest, fondest, and more fair,
To him, then others were?
Whom very fruition to his partial eye,
Had not more charms than their fond memory?

Who hath not found loss such?
And happy-formed himself, till from his dream
Of community remembrance, the tears
Of vacated death, hath rudely wakened him.
And like the electric gem,
Even while in death-sleep imaged in his stare,
Shatter'd in the direction of the eternal world.

Who can love aught on earth
And feel unengaged with his final descent
The shadowing of the eternal world,
Disapearing with its reality, the fore
Unregarded hope impress?
Who can love aught on earth, but for a day?
Death hath its seal on all things,—or decay!

Anderson's extra-cath.
Its burning restlessness—its towering thoughts,
Its flame, so unwearingly alive to all
The descent in the fluctuating scene
Of those ten thousand threads—
Are things like these worth living, when we know
A night may stop the inserts from our lives?

And yet, Love hath no bound!
We love—though love might never yet impart:
Love—tell the soul's whole energies seem wound
Up in the centre itself: that breast,
Which the dear idol of its affection cannot gain!
Love's fetters so unbreakable are!

You modest, trembling star
All blessing 'mid the silent depths of night.
Is it not beautiful! more perfect far,
Than the most proud creations of man's might!
Yet perishable light!
Why should we love thy glory, though sublime;
Art thou unlike unfortunate Time!

And you mysterious sky,
With life thy depths so fathomless and dim,
Mocking the eager of the ten curious eye
In proud magnificence! O! it would seem
Some well instinctive dream
That aught on vast, should not be endless too;
That earth is not eternal—yet, how true
Is this conviction!

The vain, the frantic, the flowers
The sentient act on which we breathe and live;
The glorious creatures, and the glorious flowers
Which left, however cool, must sometimes give—
Their loss, what would not grieve!
Yet, one by one, with all of them, the heart
Through it could stay for contrivance, must part!

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It was rarely, indeed, among the simple inhabitants of W——, that the hand of death visited other than the aged and infirm—the "stricken in years," and the "full of glory". It was rarely that the light step of the maiden, blooming in all the freshness of early life; or the finished chest of manhood, were with the prospect of a long existence; it was rarely that they were arrested by his approach—that the middle aged had been obliged to pause in their career of usefulness, the bright eye grow clouded, or the throbbing bosom silenced from amid the circle of their endearments. And when perchance the busy head had been laid in quiet to its rest, though the tone made grave, and the seat vacant at the cheerful board, or at the blazing hearth, and the want of the many little services which, in living, we shower on those we love, had been lubricated to perform; though all these smote upon their remembrances, and told the accustomed tale of mortality—still, they felt that the days of the weary had been numbered in his weakness, and that he had gone down to the "narrow house" in peace. But now, the destroying angel had passed, and one upon whom all hearts were knitted—for whose remembered affections had been garnered up, (also to be supported in unavailing insensation,) lay mutilated with the dead!

Silence was in the house of death. The little parlor, with its simple furniture, betraying to no curious eye the various paraphernalia of modern elegance, was filled with a crowd of weeping witnesses, as the hope of one, who now lay inanimate before them. The *Friend*, the Great, the Mighty in human wealth, age, yet may be borne in stately pomp to the resting-place of your fathers! a long train of cold, calculating sons, may follow you to your splendid *sepulchre*—but, your *one*—is it the

the *rewrite*! O Pride! O Mammon! one spark of the hope which lit up those dying features, that you have blasted!

Silence is in the house of death; but, gazing upon that lustrous death, and that closed eye—that yesterday's glance met with all the sympathies of womankind, there stands a solitary one! It is the stricken—the desolate. He bows in still——his eye is tearless—the sufferings have denied to him the consoling moisture, and his *grief* is like the burning fibre, which, with its poisonous breath, withereth the plant of life, and drieth up the fountain of existence.

And now, another form has arisen. The clear, subdued tones of the gospel minister is once more heard, pouring forth from the sanctified volume its stream of consolation, and perhaps a slight tremor in the voice of the speaker, by a nice ear, might have been detected, but certainly not in his eyes, that tempered moderately the beam, diffuse but unincessantly. It were better that I should leave you now, than when years of close and constant communion had so interwoven our natures, that death alone could sever us, must have risen both from existence."

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—"PICTURES OF EARLY LIFE, or *Memoirs of Truth*."—By Emma C. Embury. *Boston, Merrick, Upson, Sayes, and Webb.* This is a very neat little volume, and contains, a variety of interesting tales for children, of the purest kind, and may safely be placed in the hands of a child. We have a tale from the volume, on our fourth page for our juvenile readers, and commend the little volume to the notice of the public.

—"HOOT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE," for January, is before us, containing several well written papers upon matters of interest. The last to the number is the decision of Judge Hopkinson, for the first time published, on "The Policy of the Laws against Usury." Terms $5 per annum. *J. W. Simmons, agent. No. 47 Maiden.*

ISE APPOINTMENTS BY THE MAYOR.—High Constable—John McLean and Jos. Young.
Special Constables—John Manderfield, (3 vacancy.)
Captains of the Watch—George Reynard, South-west Division; Jacob Landenslager, North-east Division; Charles J. Stuart, South-east Division; Robert Miller, North-west Division.
Clerks of High Street Market—Peter Conrad and Joshua Mitchell.
Clerk of the Western Market—Levi B. Godwin.
Clerk of the Second Street Market—Henry B. Gillingham.
H. H. The appointment of Vaccine Collector, is postponed until the Vaccine Physicians are appointed by the Councils.
APPOINTMENTS BY THE RECORDER.—High Constables—John K. Murphy and Levin H. Smith.
Special Constables—John Miller and Wilmore Brandon.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND PARENTS.—The family of Benjamin Paxon in Barker street, near Schuylkill Seventh, were thrown into the greatest dismay and fearful apprehension, on Saturday last, in consequence of a child of two years old, a son of Mr. Paxon having got access to a sideboard, in which were many vials of medicine, and the child having swallowed about an ounce of laudanum, in half an hour after the accident, the child fell into a kind of stupor, he breathing became stertorian, and in a few hours more it was in the convulsions of profound sickness. Dr. J. S. Rohrer was called in, and by his skill and indefatigable exertion, succeeded in dislodging the poison and neutralising it in such a manner as to save the child from all danger, to the great joy of the parents and friends.

SCREAMING CALAMITY.—A French family, named Pigot residing in Pine street, between Fifth and Sixth, were possessed of a fine child, fat and lurking of pudding, in which some arsenic had been accidentally mixed. It appears that the unfortunate family had taken puddings for dinner on the day before: that the former resident had mixed up the arsenic with Indian meal, for the purpose of expelling rats, and a portion of the mixture was left in a bag, and used in the preparation of the pudding. We regret to learn that Mr. P. and a Swiss servant girl have died from the effects of the poison, and six others of the family are now laying very ill.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—On Monday afternoon, an accident of a melancholy character occurred at the Brewery of Messrs. Abbott and Nesbit, in Second street, between Race and Arch. A man in their employ, named Adam Dunn, was engaged in putting a large tub with spirits of wine, when he accidentally dropped a candle which he held in his hand into the inflammatory liquid—instantly it flamed up, set fire to his coat and clothing, badly injured his person. He was immediately conveyed to the Hospital, though we understand that his wounds will not prove mortal.

BURGLARY.—On Saturday night, a cellar, in Spring Garden street, above Marshall, used by a Mrs. Jones, residing at No. 216 Green street, who keeps a provision store at the corner of the premise of storing her marketing stuff, was entered, and robbed of about $25 worth of turkeys, and other poultry. The loss has been severely felt by Mrs. Jones,—she being a poor widow, and having upon her hands the support of seven or eight children.

FIRE.—On Thursday morning, 2d inst. about 10 o'clock, a fire broke out in Tyge alley, between Schuylkill Front and Washington street, in a carpenter shop, and extending to the butter's shop of Mr. T. Elmes, communicated to a row of small brick buildings, the whole of which were entirely destroyed.

LARCENY.—A young man named Wm. Hanover, aged 22, and respectably connected, was brought before Mayor Conrad, on New Year's day, charged with the larceny to a quantity of cooper's tools and other articles, all of the value of about $15, the property of a Mr. Pinch.

FREE BRIDGE.—The Treasurer of the Permanent Bridge Co. reports the receipts for toll to the 12th of December, to be $14,146 33.—consequently it is not probable the bridge will be a free one until the month of June next, as provided for by the act of Assembly.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—On Saturday evening the Mail Pilot Line, from this city to New York, was thrown off the track of the Delaware and Raritan Canal, at Kingston, by which one of the rotating mem-bers, Messrs. C. Hickman, Caleb Cope, J. J. Van-derbergh, John Reeder and Ambrose White.

New Directors.—Laurence Lewis, John R Neff, Robert Taylor, George Handy and Jas. Martin.

All the members of the old Board, with the exception of the five old members above enumerated, have been re-elected. But one ticket was brought before the

SPECULATION BANK.—We stated that the Bank of the State of Illinois had been reported to the Governor of that State, in his Message to the Legislature, as a bank of paper producer, contrary to the provisions of its charter. This sin has not been confined to that bank, but the Bank of the State of Arkansas is also a large cotton merchant. The sooner institutions of this kind are expunged," the better.

SUSPENSION.—Checks of the State Bank of Arkansas on New York, are generally protested. A friend informs us he has succeeded in obtaining payment of one for 1300 dollars, which was protested four or five weeks ago, both as to interest or costs. Our western friends will take caution accordingly.

PENT NOTE BANKS IN OHIO IN DANGER.—The Court in Bank, at Columbus, have decided, that every description of bank issues, payable at and after date, and assuming the force of circulation, is illegal, and a violation of the charter.

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THE CAPITAL OF THE PHILADELPHIA BANKS.—In closure of the Bank of the United States, is six ten millions five hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

MAYOR OF WILMINGTON.—On Monday evening, Jared I. Kallum, Esq. was re-appointed Mayor of that city for the current year.

Monday, Jan. 6.

The News from England, by the packet ship England, up to the 9th of December, is decidedly of a more favorable character than any which has reached us for the last twelve months. By the last accounts, the current of coin which had so long been setting against us, had turned in the direction of the U. States in the Bank, was the increase. This fact check ed any further fall in prices, but a fear being over their market, in regard to American affairs, that caused a continued quiet up to the arrival of the Great Western. The receipt of her news insta ntly dispelled all apprehension of a demand for Bullion from America account, and the bulk of re sistances she brought, being bills on Paris and H olland, soon-ly relieved the exchange market. The rates have ceased to be in their favor with the Bank of England, at its weekly meeting Thursday, 5th, could put down the rate of interest. The Bank, however, has in foreign loans to the amount of £16 000, and is not yet strong enough to relax its restrictions, and no change was made in the rate of interest. The general state of the market was further improved by the announcement that the 'loan of 50,000,000 guilders would not be required by the Dutch government.

The effect of the favorable state of things was instantly apparent on American affairs. The stocks of specie paying States improved 2 a 3 per cent. and the stocks of U. S. Bank stock were made at £16 10, an improvement of 10s. since the last quotations. This stock would probably have gone higher were it not for the belief entertained that the Bank would pay no dividend in January. At this juncture Mr. Jacobus published the condensed statement of the Bank for November 30th, which was published here immediately prior to the sailing of the steamboat. It will be recollected that 'his statement showed a surplus of $4,862,000. Mr. Jacobus published a letter this month, stating that assisting of Messrs. E. Alsop, J. J. Vander'ampt, J. Connell, R. Price, and Lewis Waln, 'were appointed in the 17th November, to investigate into the situation of the Bank: the time previous to the sailing of the packet did not permit a full examination; they therefore limited their investigation to the four perspicuous items, and estimated them as follows:

	Loans on call & than per-	Estimated loss
	nanal securities,	13,565,946	413,077
	Stock accounts,	13,422,074	2,633,531
	Other loans,	25,443,622	1,000,000
	Real estate,	907,812	300,000
			$4,598,8?8

Which, deducted from the surplus above stated, leaves as a nett surplus above the capital,

$260,401

Add probable gain on circulation, 600,000
Add interest on debts considered good, 310,602

$1,071,004

This favorable turn in the mar ket was seized by Mr. Jacobus to renew his negotiations, in which it appears he has been successful to the amount of $3,000,000.

Thus far money affairs are on the ascending hand. The Hon. Horace Binney, who is a holder of $20,000 of Philadelphia city stock, has refused to receive in payment of the same a check on one of the suspended banks and demands specie or its equivalent. The continued stagnation of the stock market, and the consequent want of means on the part of the state, is constantly exposing them to a loss of credit. In Mississippi, much excitement prevail from the anticipation of the failure of the Union Bank on the maturity of her post notes. The President of the Bank, H. G. Runnels, Esq. has made several attempts to negotiate the renewal of the State bonds without success, and failure seems inevitable.

THE SCHUYLKILL BANK FRAUD.—The accounts of the fraud Teller, committed in the Cashier of the Schuylkill Bank, in issuing false certificates of stock on the Bank of Kentucky, reached Louisville on the 24th ult.

The Bank of Kentucky is in no danger of losing by the fraud, inasmuch as the Schuylkill Bank in issuing new stock has extended its authority.

And the Advertiser says:—Levin may be punished for his forgeries—but the Bank of Kentucky cannot be held responsible for the amount of stock she never authorized him to issue original certificates of stock.

We learn that indictments have been found against the following persons for an alleged participation in the late fraudulent election of Directors of the Schuylkill Bank. They entered security in the following sums: Peter Wager, $40000; Daniel Saint, $40000; J. Crosby, $40000; and John Craven, one of the tellers of the bank, $2000.

MARYLAND.—We have received the message of Gov. Grason, of Maryland. It is devoted almost exclusively to the condition of the State finances and the Bank Regime which they have spoken in strong terms, and recommends many restrictions to the Legislature. It appears the State debt—not deducting the sinking fund, $1,013,371—on accounts to $15,000,000, all of which has been contracted for the purposes of internal improvement. The amount of interest paid by the State is yearly increasing, in proportion to the amount of stock sold, as follows:

Paid at the Loan Office in Baltimore,
" " " " in 1838, $240,000
" " " " 1839, 221,000
To be paid " " " 1840, 330,000

The internal improvement companies are bound to pay the interest on the respective portions of the public debt. This they have hitherto failed to do, and the whole burden has fallen upon the State. The annual revenue of the State, exclusive of the interest on the public debt, is barely sufficient to defray the ordinary expenses of the Government, which are estimated at $250,000.

THE BANK OF THE UNITED STATES.—We learn that the following gentleman were on Monday, elected Directors of the Bank of the United States, for the ensuing year, in place of the retiring members, Messrs. C. Hickman, Caleb Cope, J. J. Vanderbergh, John Reeder and Ambrose White.

New Directors.—Laurence Lewis, John R Neff, Robert Taylor, George Handy and Jas. Martin.

All the members of the old Board, with the exception of the five old members above enumerated, have been re-elected. But one ticket was brought before the

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ARREST OF A TEXAN COMMISSIONER.—Edwin W. Moore, formerly a Lieutenant in our Navy, and now Commander of the Texan Navy, was arrested in New York on the 31st ult. and held to bail by the U. S. Marshall, on charge of enlisting and having certain persons in order to enlist, to serve on board the "Colorado," a vessel of war belonging to the Republic of Texas, and now lying in the port of New York. Several ship-brokers were also arrested at the same time, for being concerned in the affair. The matter is now undergoing an investigation.

THE CHEROKEES.—A Delegation from the United Cherokee Nation of Indians, consisting of Messrs. John Ross, Gunter, and five or six other principal men of the nation, have arrived at the seat of Government. This numerous and most powerful of all the aboriginal tribes of our country, have determined to remain no longer in Arkansas, to which their final removal was effected of a year or two ago. The feuds between them, and the white settlers, have become so great, that they have determined upon the total abandonment of the country. Mr. Calhoun replied to the Senator from Kentucky in a highly excited strain, and stated, that when the Administration was right, he was with them, when wrong against them. Mr. Calhoun said that occasion to revert to the political course of Mr. Clay, particularly in relation to the Sub-Treasury bill, and the Independent Treasury asserting that he, Mr. Calhoun, was master there, and had forced Mr. Clay into that measure. The Senator from Kentucky (Mr. Clay) had said, in a style of fierce invective, unavowed being forced in by compromise. "He or master?" said Mr. C.; "he would not care for any slave." The eyes of the great Nullifier, flashed at this, and when Mr. Clay concluded, he hurled back the invective with an energy only terrible. Broadside after broadside succeeded between the belligerents, and the debate was at high finished by a motion to re-consider, according to the suggestion of the Senator from Kentucky which has been being put, was lost. The Senate then adjourned.

In the House a scene something like that which occurred in the Senate, took place. Several other members were to obey and execute the laws of the land—it is contrary to the genius of our institutions, and the spirit of the constitution. It is a melancholy symptom of intemperance and excitement in the discussion of a cool order, when even private citizens openly set at naught

THE OLIO.

Variety is the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Lines to a Young Lady.

May Hope entwine around thy brow,
A wreath of glowing verse to adorn;
Never thou or sorrow owe brow,
Thy destiny of bliss to mark.

May every hour success to joy,
As thy existence wears away;
No anxious thoughts bear down thy heart,
But calm as summer's sunshine be.

And while the setting sun of life,
Thumbled by a stingy cloud,
In casting to his last repose,
And thou dost sing to see thy God.

May angel bands be round thee,
To wait thy happy quick home.
Far from this sublunary sphere
Where naught but loss can ever come.

C. S. J.

Eccentric Preacher.—Rev. Rowland Hill was always annoyed when there happened to be any noise in the chapel, or when any thing occurred to divert the attention of his hearers from what he was saying. On one occasion, almost three days before his death, he was preaching to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him. In the middle of his discourse he observed a great commotion in the gallery. For a time he took no notice of it, but, finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon, and, looking in the direction in which the commotion prevailed, exclaimed, "What's the matter there? The devil seems to have got among you." A plain country-looking man immediately started to his feet, and addressing Mr. Hill in reply, said, "No, sir, it isn't the devil no is doing it; it's a lady wot's fainted, and she's a very fat 'un, so don't wonder likely to come to herself again in a hurry." "Oh, that's it is it?" observed Mr. Hill, drawing his hand across his chin, "then I beg the lady's pardon and the devil's too."

A Mysterious.—During the late session of Somersetshire, a witness, on his examination in chief, described himself as a shoemaker. On being cross-examined, however, as to the nature of his occupation, he replied that he was a black-smith. "How is this, sir," said the counsel, "did you not tell us that you were a shoemaker?" "I know I did, sir," replied the witness, "and I say a blacksmith is a shoemaker, ye sense." "Let this court, by a shoemaker is understood a tradesman who makes shoes for men and women?" repeated the lawyer. "Nea sir," retorted the witness, "that least right; them there there be a sooperannuer." The learned counsellor was completely nonplussed.

Native Simplicity.—We were not a little amused, says the St. Louis Pennant, a few days since, while travelling in Illinois in company with a young "Sucker," who had never visited St. Louis, or, perhaps ever been out of sight of home, until then. On coming in full view of the city, he rose up in the wagon and exclaimed in apparent astonishment, "*my! God, are there all houses?*" "Yes," was "dad's" reply. "And do folks live in all them houses?" "Yes." "Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed the boy, "what a heap of pork it must take to feed 'em all!"

Hoaxing.—Bennett, of the New York Herald, says he was most extensively hoaxed by some mischievous fellow, who sent letters to different tradesmen and professional gentlemen, as coming from the editor of the Herald, telling them their services were required by him. He was waited upon, on the following morning, by a train of lawyers, doctors, teachers, dancing masters and tradesmen; and, what put a serious face upon the joke, was the driving up to the door of his cab carriages and a hearse.

Curran and Sheridan.—Mr. Tooke, after having passed an evening in the company of Mr. Curran and the late Mr. Sheridan, whom he had that moment met produced a potion to inquire of the opinion of the wit of each. He replied, "that Sheridan's was like steel highly polished and sharpened for display and use; but that Curran's was like a heap of gold, constantly circulating away from its own richness."

A Quaint Conceit.—Quaint poet Quarles compares "Man's Bodie" to a house; the greater bones to the main timber, the lesser to the plaints, the joints to be cemented with flesh and blood, his mouth the door, his throat the narrower entrie, his heart the great chamber, his eyes the crystal windows, &c. And might it not have added, that the mind was a moving spirit, watching out at the windows?

A Hard Case.

Tet had enough with cognate stone
At trifles said in rude offence:
But you much more observation make it
Who give attention unto such a case.

Cardinal Lang.—A person talking to Fenelon upon the subject of the criminal laws of France, and approving of the many executions which had taken place under it in opposition to the archbishop, said, "I ascertain that such persons are unfit to live." "But, my friend," said Fenelon, "you do not reflect that they are still more unfit to die."

Double Barrel.—The parish clerk at Whitleigh, (Eng.) has a salary of one guinea per annum for washing up the church each day! and he has been accustomed, that, to earn this sum, he has to travel a hundred and two miles, ascend and descend twenty-nine thousand steps, and haul up eighteen tons weight three thousand six hundred yards!

Progress of Emotions.—"I say Dick, why dont you spend that levy?" said a small urchin to another, who was rattling two tips with a gratified but not ostentatious air.

"Cause this is specie; hyaney they're goin to issue shinplays, and then I'll get fourteen cents for 'em."

Grand Hands.—A gentleman playing whist with an intimate friend, who seemed, as far as hands were concerned, to hold the Mahometan doctrine of abstinence as supreme contempt, said to him, while in contemplation of "some of his many hands in an anger," "My good fellow, if dirt were trumps, what a hand you would have!"

Burning it.—A person in a public company reciting for Irish nations with being the most unpolished in the world, was answered very mildly by an Irish gentleman. "that it ought to be otherwise, for the Irish poet with hard toils enough to polish them on earth."

A Good 'Un.—Sneak asked us yesterday why an auctioneer was like a nunce? We gave it up.

"Well," says he, looking more knowing than usual, "because he's always looking after fur-things."

An apt reply.—A gentleman asked a little girl to the street the other day, how far she had got in her geography——

"Why," replied the child, "so far as Saratoga."

What will the Indians do?—An Arkansas paper wishes to know "what the poor Indians will do when the Buffaloes disappear." We suppose they will have to hoer it.—*Frontier.*

Nabobs Enlist.—It is with narrow souled people or with narrow arched bodies; the less they have in them, the more room they make in pressing it out.

Dower.—The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is, when she has in her countenance sufficient: in her speech wisdom: in her behaviour modesty: in her life virtue.

Epigrams.—A leveller pervaining two crows flying side by side, exclaimed, "Ay, that is just as it should be. I hate to see one crow over another."

From "The Book of the Boudoir." for 1847.

Lines.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

I look into thy laughing eyes,—
As bright and blue as summer skies,—
And watch the thoughts that upward spring,
Like birds upon a pinioned wing.—
And to my soul a vision steals
That lost and smiling eyes unveils,
With tell me hope is made more dear,—
Tell all the bright ones flew away!

I gaze upon thy rose and lily,
How fancies all amid their dyes!
As never air their bloom had passed
The breath of one unkind.
Till other lips before me rise,
With tones as innocent and low,
Until their notes turned to sighs—
Like passing bells,—and dear and dyes
Were withered by farewells!

I see within thy snowy breast
The tides of feeling sink and swell,
As storm had never touched its rest,
But ever bright noon had made it blessed
With mirror waiting spell!—
Has every wind, like a heart,
Thy heart with blessed on that calm sea
Come brightly back, and only brought
New treasure stores to thee?
Oh, for the white and silent smile
That one young queen wore westward bent—
A heart whose hopes were every where,
Kind, trust, and meek, and earth
But one was much, and one a world!
And now she watches, mournfully,
Where hope has set in a single Star
On Fancy's ribbon sea!

A Story of Modern Greece.

The following interesting anecdote of "the Messenger of Modon," says the New York Signal, is from the MSS. of Mr. C. P. Castanis, who was an eye witness of the scenes which he so vividly describes:

At the time of the Scotic massacre, April, 1822, Hangi-Hassin, a rich Syrian Turk from Aleppo, bought a beautiful female captive of Cal-cassia. Hangi, who was very aged, took her to his house in the city of Scio, where he intended to remain until he had obtained a sufficient fortune to enable him to return home, and pass the rest of his life in a splendid palace with his charming captive. Calee, as the Greek girl was called, was closely confined that she could think of nothing but an escape from her master. Almost, a young fellow citizen of Hangi, had seen Calee at the time when she was purchased, and fell desperately in love with her. He offered Hassin 3500 piastres for her, but was refused. He visited him frequently, and repeated an offer of 4000 piastres, having learned that Hangi answered him by the bitterest reproaches. Almost departed muttering revenge. He watched an opportunity, and delivered a letter, by bribing the servants to Calee, who opened it and read the following words:

"Gracious [my eyes] Calee: I love, and will possess you at the peril of my life. I am a Mussulman, but for your sake will become a Christian, if you are ready to favor a plan of delivery soon from your ugly and brutal master. I will present myself under your window to-morrow evening. If I find you assist me, I shall endeavor to make you happy for life; if not, I shall watch an opportunity to destroy your life and afterward my own."

Calee rejoiced at the prospect of escape, and resolved to assist him, in order to avoid the greater evil of the two. At midnight Almost appeared before her window. She immediately tied together two long girdles, belonging to her master, and fastening them to a projection of the window, favored his ascent to the apartment where her master was sleeping. Almost then drew his scimitar and slew Hangi in his bed. He then fled toward the shore with the young Calee. Having forgotten to apply the bloody edge of his scimitar to his lips to prevent remorse of conscience, according to a Turkish superstition, he was accordingly agitated, and, on his passage, slew another fellow-countryman, who, as he feared, suspected the crime which he had committed. He next embarked at Cesmes in a Ragusian vessel, and in the course of a few days found two thousand piastres to conduct him to Mesembasia in Peloponnesus. He arrived safely, and procured a priest to baptize and initiate him into the mysteries of the Christian faith. He appointed a day for the marriage, and was reposing in the bosom of his hope. Calee sacrificed to Almost, however, Demetropoulos, a brave Spartan, chanced to see his intended, and he, too, loved her. This Spartan was a man of stature, and of fiercest appearance. His mustachios were so long that the ends met and were tied up the back part of his head. Strange to say, the girl rejected the brave, consented to marry him, and, at the same time, deserted her Turkish lover. It is impossible to conceive the despair of Almost. He dared not dispute the Spartan, so renowned for his strength and courage. While he was so bewildered, he sought the sisterhood of a young Turkish captive and married her. Meeting Calee one day in the street, he fell down before her, and implored a reason for her singular behaviour. She replied that she had resolved to escape from her misery; but that she had resolved to use every effort to avoid connecting herself with a Turk. He then implored the privilege to be held her friend some time—but this privilege was refused.

In the meantime, his father, at Aleppo, learned the history of his son's disgrace. The whole family was in the greatest agitation. The mother died of grief in a few days. The father, who was one of the nobles, sent for the magistrate to charm a letter, which he was ready to send to his son, that he might return immediately. But the son was not to be found. The father then sent that if he went home, his fellow citizens would avenge on his head the Mahometan blood which he had shed. After passing a few months in Candia, they went to Mesembasia and invited Almost, by letter and caricatures, to accompany him to Aleppo. He did not accept the invitation, but sent in his pair to his native country. Almost, stung by the thought of his wickedness, impurity, and the great with which he had contaminated his relations, could no longer endure life. He determined to commit suicide. Accordingly, he went abroad by night upon a plain near the city, and shot himself with a pistol. His body was found by the authorities, who searched it, and found under the girdle a billet containing the following words: "I die a victim to my Calee that I shed Mahometan blood, and assumed the profession of Christ. Malomet and Allah were in my heart; while Christ and the Virgin were in my mouth. I die a Mussulman."

The House beyond the Sky.

BY CHARLES D. WARNER.

There is a house beyond the sky,
A home beyond the sky,
Where living waters gently pass
Forever to the eye.

A spot where angels congregate,
A gain by angels fed,
A promised land where those shall rest,
Who love and worship God.

To placid shades the burning stars,
The far spread fields of heaven,
Oh! what a glorious home
To the pure hearted given.

The rich heart turneth from the earth:
The promised land of God
Stretches afar in ancient strength
To the pure in mind.

Yes—like a weary bark it comes,
The plashing of the waves,
Trending on hopes to that rest area,
That bad alone can save.

There is a house—a bright port home
Unseen by mortal eye,
Where the weary weary rest in peace,
Beyond the sky.

Arbel Navigation Company.—100,000 shares of $1 per share. 25 cents on subscription. Leaves the commerce, Federal Hill, at 6 o'clock every morning, for London—arrives perpendicularly until 4 p. m. and remains stationary 2 hours, —when, the earth having turned round, down the balloon rope sufficiently near London to reach the ship in 24 hours from time of leaving. Passage $50. Life preservers for all—balloon kept comfortable—plenty of wines and provisions of all sorts.

PULPIT SKETCHES.—No. VI.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Horace Binney, Esq.

The old notion that a classical education is necessary to constitute an orator, is so ridiculous as to falsify. It had its origin in the prevalence of the dead languages among the learned, when Europe was first awaking from the sleep of the dark ages, and when all the taste and learning of the past was looked to as the fixed and fabled standard. Like the old order of Knighthood, it seemed to be necessary to dig among the tombs of the dead, in order to seek instruction for the living. A man may be celebrated without ever having read Cicero, scanned Homer, or studied the abstruse Plato.

The celebrity of Mr. Chambers as a pulpit orator, depends in a great measure on his unpassioned style. It is in fact the characteristic of his eloquence. Though not a man of an ardent mind, incapable of dogging a truth through all the mazes of sophistry, he yet finds himself unable at times when demanding the strongest feeling terms, and pouring forth, from his luxuriant fancy, a stream of florid and glittering eloquence, smiling the heart, entrapping the judgment, and sweeping the prejudices insensibly away. His openings are always slow and generally labored. His eye runs uneasily around the room, his voice is low and monotonous and his whole manner, in the whole deportment is that of a man borne down with his theme, but uncertain in what manner to approach it. Gradually, however, he begins to feel himself at home; his voice becomes more full and commanding; his thoughts become a bold, compact, resistless form; he becomes perfectly at ease in giving them expression; and under the gestures partake of the impetuosity of his feelings, he pours forth a succession of warm, impassioned sentences, that bear with them the power to move, and fire the hearer with an ardor almost equal to the speaker's. Then, . . . that we become sensible of the power of the orator. The mind becomes too lofty for his fancy—nothing too sublime for his intellect to conceive. Metaphor follows metaphor, and simile flashes after simile, each one more beautiful or daring than its predecessor, and yet each so interwoven with his argument that we cannot, by any means, lose the one without losing the other. His mind seems to be a mighty python; sometimes unaware by honest, resistless argument; and sometimes, with indignant tongue and flashing eye, overwhelming down, like what was said of Broughham, he seems to speak *Greek fire*. At such moments perhaps the orator is unconscious. The burning of his own thoughts, the heat, the loud, full, rolling voice, and the incessant flashings of an intellect completely aroused, strike us with feelings of mingled awe and admiration. We seem to be in unison with a current we cannot stem. We appear as it were in the presence of an almost inspired speaker, and the feeling of our own dependence on him is useless to oppose. We think, and feel, and act exactly as the orator dictates, and only wake to our illusion when his eye has ceased to flash, and his voice no longer rings upon the ear.

The oratory of Mr. Chambers, powerful, however, as it is, cannot be classed in that of the loftiest rank. It has many, and of the highest Genius has made him what he is, and study has considerably aided him; but the great deficiency where he ought to be strongest, is the want of that without which a speaker is at times as powerless as a painter would be without his sight. It is that which first brightens to ray the blood between the good and bad, the pure and gross, the bright and dim offsooms of the fancy. The gold is not at all times virgin, nor does the dross. Some are born with this faculty, some attain it by a study of the pure, and others, alas! never have it to their dying day. Burns was an instance of the first, and there are not a few examples of the second. The simplicity and unstudied grace that though taste may do without genius, talent rarely succeeds without taste. But we grow too metaphysical, and lose the thread of our criticism. Suffice it to say that Mr. Chambers would be a purer speaker, were he to use a stricter, or more chastened system of rhetoric. The mind when heated, touches and feels the heart, however not only brilliant sparkle, but worthless dross. There is also much of what is called reading in the Rev. Gentleman's oratory. Memory has resorted to marry him, and, at the same time, deserted her Turkish lover. It is impossible to conceive the inspiration of Almost. He dared not dispute the Spartan, so renowned for his strength and courage. While he was so bewildered, he sought the sisterhood of a young Turkish captive and married her. Meeting Calee one day in the street, he fell down before her, and implored a reason for her singular behaviour. She replied that she had resolved to escape from her misery; but that she had resolved to use every effort to avoid connecting herself with a Turk. He then implored the privilege to be held her friend some time—but this privilege was refused.

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Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Lonely Lane.

IN REALM OF MANADA, 1844.

Hail Lonely! sweet and pretty lane,
Where on the rightcous canor,
Our daisy flashes to the sight,
And high trees turned to green.

There did the bee hearted for,
Both watery in gaze,
And still they fell on every there,
And still their strife was vain.

While death and carnage reveled 'round,
Cheerful our battle cry
Rose from the dying on the ground,
Our watch—and—we'll by."

Come rallied yonder a bumper just,
To them who knew no fears,
And O'er for, one more to drink
To our brave Regulars.

R. F. A.

Gossip One.—A farmer took a friend of his who had come from town for a few days visiting, that he once had no carelliant a gun that it went off immediately upon a thief coming into the house although not charged. "How the deuce is that?" said his friend. "Why," replied the farmer, "because the thief carried it off."

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

Little Susan's Temptation.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

Susan Clair was the child of very poor parents, but a more cheerful, happy-tempered creature, I never beheld. Her father was a day-laborer, and her mother took in washing, for the neighborhood, from her earliest years; therefore Susan had been obliged to assume the care of her younger brothers and sisters, and to perform her full proper share of household duties. Early after baby had filled her arms, until, at twelve years of age, she was the eldest of seven healthy and frolicksome children, who seemed to be tasked to the utmost patience of their young nurse. With her mother's aid, she managed to keep them neat, notwithstanding their scanty wardrobe; and her own clothes, though sadly patched, always had that fresh, clean look, as if they had just come from under the smoothing-iron. Her sunshiny face was always bright with cheerfulness, a pleasant smile was ever on her rosy lips, and her sweet voice was continually breaking forth in snatches of song. "I should not know what to do with Susan," said her mother, as she would sometimes say, "she is always at my right hand; she can cook her father's dinner, and prepare breakfast for him, and get the rest off my quiet the children for better. When I sit down, weary with a long day's work, the noise of the children's play does not sometimes reach me, which only seems to make things worse, but Susan goes among them with a pleasant look, and begins to sing, or tell some droll story, and they are still directly."

Susan possessed an affectionate nature, and a mind of more than ordinary acuteness. The first had been cherished by the kindness of her parents and sisters, while the last had been quickened by privations and suffering. A dull mind is often rendered callous by suffering, but keen intellect is an idea become limited to the physical necessities of its condition, and with food, clothes, and fire, its possessor wants no other wish; but an intelligent child, reared in poverty and hardship, generally acquires a quick keenness of perception and a freedom of character, which, in the offspring of the rich, would be called forwardness. Shielded in childhood from every care, the son of the rich man eats the world totally unprepared for the struggle which he must subsequently bear with them, as the morning of life verges toward noonday; and when his sun breaks toward the meridian, he perhaps possesses all the energy which, if properly directed, would have been his birth-right; but with the poor man's child, who has been (to use the emphatic phrase of a poor child) "used to waking," it never can forget Farmer Thompson, for killing him."

"Susan, are you doing now as you would have others to do to you?" My child, if with your few temptations, you find it so hard to do right, you cannot wonder that a man, situated like our rich neighbor, should sometimes fail. Remember it is easier to reprove the sin of others, than to overcome temptation when it assails ourselves."

It was not long after this conversation, when an opportunity occurred of testing Susan's principles. Farmer Thompson kept the only hotel in the village; and as it was a place of great resort, in the summer season, his house was generally filled with visitors. Mrs. Cray found plenty of employment, as the washing for the borders was generally given to her, and she was in the habit of sending Susan every Saturday evening to collect from Farmer Thompson the amount due for her week's work. She was always desired to "call at the back door," as she was always paid, just after received so many angry rebukes, that she was ready to cry all the time she waited. One evening, I would be sent on Monday, and the money would be given me without a word. I was in the habit of every thing done that was brought lately to give me to Susan, and I was sure to find her ready for me. She was a little woman of about my own age, with a sweet serene attack of inflammation of the lungs, which had settled upon her chest. She had been confined to her bed for a week, and was still very weak and sickly. When a soldier in the American camp, in 1776, was attacked with the small-pox, he was carried to the out hillock of disease of the Lungs, by which I was enabled to do so. Her mother was a poor widow, who supported herself and child by washing for the borders and delicacy of breathing. Year after year I have visited Susan, and I have found her always in the same sweet attack of inflammation of the